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TORONTO



RICHARD III SENDING THE CHILDREN OF CLARENCE
TO THE TOWER

Shakespeare, William

SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD III

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

Abraham
A. R. BRUBACHER, PH.D.

PRESIDENT NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS
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INTRODUCTION

THE TEXT. — The text of *Richard the Third* is not easily established, owing to the fact that there are many differences between the earliest editions. The edition known as the Quarto was first published in 1597 and reprinted seven times between that date and 1634, each issue showing textual variations, but resting fundamentally upon the Quarto of 1597. The text of the edition known as the first Folio, published in 1623, differs radically from any or all of the Quartos. It is apparently a revised edition, but whether the revision is by Shakespeare or not is uncertain. It carries almost 200 additional lines: it shows many metrical corrections; it changes many words either to avoid mere repetition of the same word or to avoid the use of distinctively obsolete terms; it has more complete stage directions. The Folio edition is the basis of this present text. It is not considered wise or necessary to enter here into a discussion of the relative merits of the various editions, nor of the different readings.

DATE OF COMPOSITION. — *Richard the Third* is clearly a continuation of the series of history plays dealing with the houses of York and of Lancaster and follows naturally *2 Henry VI* and *3 Henry VI*. Since 1592 is the date generally assigned to *3 Henry VI*, *Richard the Third* almost certainly belongs after that date. With equal certainty we conclude that it was written before 1595 because John Weever's *Epi-grammes*, written in 1595, mentions Shakespeare's *Richard*, in all probability *Richard the Third*, as *Richard the Second* is of later composition; so while we may not insist upon the exact year of composition, we may feel reasonably certain that *Richard the Third* was written in 1593 or 1594.

THE STYLE. — There is a noteworthy absence of prose and lyrical forms from *Richard the Third*, forming a marked contrast with earlier plays. Coupled with this is the absence of rhyme; blank verse is used almost exclusively. These are Marlowe characteristics. The frequent use of antithesis and parallelism gives a conventional aspect to some passages. Note especially II. ii. 71-80 and IV. iv. 343-367. These and similar passages as well as the arrangement of the dialogue in alternate lines (*stichomythia*), or sets

of lines, (cf. IV. iv. 368-371) seem to hark back to the usages of the Greek drama. There are instances where the play upon words seems highly artificial and becomes a weariness. On the other hand there is an abundance of noble and elevated language wonderfully adequate to the dramatic situation.

THE PLOT. — The plot of *Richard the Third* is essentially historical. The War of the Roses is dramatized through the three parts of Henry VI, but its climax undoubtedly lies properly in the battle on Bosworth Field. Richard III is a figure of increasing importance beginning with *2 Henry VI*, and becomes the dominating character in the play that bears his name. He sums up in his person all the intrigue and murderous villainy that characterized the thirty years of war between the Houses of York and of Lancaster. In Richard's defeat and death we feel that political justice has been done and that a lasting peace may be expected from the victory of Henry, Earl of Richmond. To secure this completely representative character in Richard, the dramatist has done violence to a few historical facts. He has represented Richard as a mature man at the date when he was born. He has made him responsible for most of the murders com-

mitted by the House of York. But this was probably necessary in order to incorporate in one person for dramatic purposes the policies and methods pursued by the House of York. The play first shows us Richard on his return to London after the battle of Tewksbury, where he had won renown as a commander of the king's forces. He begins at once to plot against every one who stands or may in future stand between him and his high ambition to become king. His fortune is favorable and his hopes are realized, but at the cost of many murders. Finally his intriguing but successful career is halted by the Earl of Richmond, who defeats him on Bosworth Field.

DURATION OF THE ACTION. — The historical events of the drama cover the period beginning with the death and burial of Henry VI in May, 1471, and ending with the battle of Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485. The stage action covers eleven days (cf. Daniels: *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1877-1879):

1st day — Act I Sc. i, ii, interval

2nd day — Act I Sc. iii, iv: Act II Sc. i, ii

3rd day — Act II Sc. iii, interval

4th day — Act II Sc. iv

5th day — Act III Sc. i

6th day — Act III Sc. ii-vii

- 7th day — Act IV Sc. i
8th day — Act IV Sc. ii-v, interval
9th day — Act V Sc. i, interval
10th day — Act V Sc. ii and first half of Sc. iii
11th day — Act V Sc. iii (second half), iv, v

HISTORICAL FACTS. — In 1399 an act of Parliament deposed Richard II and crowned Henry IV king. Henry IV and Richard II were cousins, the former being son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III (1327-1377), the latter being son of the first son of Edward III. Henry IV therefore came to the throne without regard for the law of primogeniture, a fact which became the basis of the contentions that brought on the war between the houses of York and Lancaster in 1450. Henry IV, founder of the Lancastrian line of kings, was followed by his son, Henry V, who reigned until 1422. At his death his infant son, Henry VI, was crowned king with his uncle, Duke of Gloucester, as Protector. Henry VI grew up to be an irresolute man and dissatisfaction with his reign became acute in 1450. First came Cade's Rebellion, a disturbance of small significance. Then Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, asserted his prior claim to the throne because he was descended from Lionel,

Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III, whereas the dukes of Lancaster were descended from the fourth son of Edward III. Here began a series of struggles lasting from 1455 to 1485.

In the first battle of St. Albans, 1455, York was victorious and became a serious contender for the throne. In 1460 a compromise was effected whereby Henry VI was to reign until his death, after which the succession was to pass to the Duke of York. This displeased Queen Margaret, who renewed the war on behalf of her son Edward. Two battles were fought, Northampton and Wakefield, both in 1460. At Wakefield, December 31, 1460, the Duke of York and his son Rutland were slain.

York left three sons, Edward, who succeeded to his father's claim to the throne, George Clarence, and Richard. Edward fought the battle of Mortimer's Cross and was victorious in 1461. He was defeated two weeks later at the second battle of St. Albans, but reached London in spite of his defeat, and assumed the crown as Edward IV. Then followed the battle of Towton, March 29, 1461, in which Edward IV won a decisive victory. Henry VI took refuge in Scotland, Queen Margaret in France. In 1464 the House of

Lancaster renewed the contest, aided by France, but Edward IV won the battle of Hexham and imprisoned Henry VI in the Tower. Queen Margaret again fled to France.

King Edward IV now married Elizabeth Grey in spite of the fact that he had sent the Duke of Warwick to France to propose marriage to Lady Bona, sister of the Queen of France. This estranged Warwick, who now espoused the cause of Lancaster. George Clarence also went over to Warwick, whose daughter he married. The combination was too strong for the forces of King Edward IV, who was dethroned, and Henry VI was restored in 1470. Edward IV returned to the conflict and defeated the Lancastrians at Barnett, April 14, 1471, and at Tewksbury, May 4, 1471. This apparently gave King Edward IV a firm hold on the crown. At Tewksbury, Prince Edward, son of Henry VI, was killed. Richard, the king's brother, won much military distinction. Edward and Richard entered London May 21. Henry VI died that day in the Tower. Margaret was soon exiled to France. George Clarence was executed for treason in 1478.

Richard now became a power in the realm. He married Anne, daughter of Warwick, who had been

betrotthed to Edward, son of Henry VI. In 1483 Edward IV died, and his son, Prince Edward, was brought to London to be crowned king under Richard as Protector, in accordance with the will of Edward IV. Richard had his appointment as Protector confirmed by the Council, then by consent of the Lords he became king. He had previously executed Rivers, uncle of Prince Edward, and Grey his step-brother. He now imprisoned Prince Edward and his brother in the Tower. Richard was crowned July 6, 1483. The death of the princes in the Tower followed soon after.

The Earl of Richmond now attempted to seize the crown. He was the son of Edmund Tudor, half-brother of Henry VI, and later married Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV, by which he united the houses of York and Lancaster. He met Richard in the battle of Bosworth Field on August 22, 1485. Richard was killed and Richmond became king as Henry VII.

THE PLAY. — The play is historical, but uses the facts of English history to build up English patriotism. Richard is the dominating figure, all other characters are subsidiary. In him are incarnate all the villainy,

intrigue, and cruelty of both sides to the struggle known as the Wars of the Roses. The action of the play brings under his power the heirs to the throne, near and remote. He disposes of every contingency and makes himself king. Against the successful but murderous career of King Richard are now thrown the uncontaminated and heroic qualities of Richmond. On Bosworth Field the virtues of Richmond prevail over the villainies of King Richard and the demands of justice are satisfied. The House of Lancaster, remotely represented by Richmond, is now united to the House of York by his marriage to Elizabeth of York, and peace is assured.

There is a suggestion of inevitable fate in the development of the action. The crimes of Richard all move forward unerringly until they are ended by the power of right as represented by Richmond. The victory of right over wrong, virtue over crime, seems clearly predestined.

The play has three notable structural characteristics. It is written, after the manner of Marlowe, in blank verse, thus differing greatly from Shakespeare's other dramas. It uses artificial devices such as balanced lines and half lines after the manner of Greek tragedy. It is largely lacking in comedy. These characteristics

suggest immaturity, but it is only relative to the surer style and method of the later dramas. There are abundant passages in the play where nobility of language shows the dramatist at his best. Quotation has made Richard III an inextricable part of English thought and speech. These attractive word pictures begin in the opening line with "the Winter of our Discontent," and abound through the play to the final speech of Richmond in which he speaks of "Smooth-fac'd Peace" following the wars that made "poor England weep in streams of blood."

Edward III (1327-1377)

Edward,
Black Prince

Clarence
(3d son)

Richard II
(1367-1399)



Richard,
Duke of York

Rutland

Clarence, George
M. Isabel of
Warwick

Edward IV
(1461-1483)
M. Elizabeth
Grey

Richard III
(1483-1485)
M. Anne of
Warwick

Edward

Grey

Elizabeth
of York
M. Henry VII

John of Gaunt
(4th son)
Duke of Lan-
caster

Henry IV
(1399-1413)

Henry V
(1413-1422)

Henry VI
(1422-1461)
M. Margaret
of Anjou

Edmond Tudor,
half brother of
Henry VI

Edward

Richard,
Henry VII
(1485-1509)
M. Elizabeth
of York

Henry VIII
(1509-1547)

DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER

KING RICHARD III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD *the Fourth*,
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.* } *sons to the*
RICHARD, *Duke of York,* } *King.*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King* } *brothers to the King.*
Richard III.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*

EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest.*

TRESSSEL and BERKLEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI;*
afterwards married to Richard.

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III, Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England.*

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III



ACT FIRST. — SCENE I.

London. A street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun^o of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths; 5
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed^o steeds 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing^o of a lute.

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous^o looking-glass; 15
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping^o time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time, 25
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant^o on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain, 30
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions^o dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other: 35
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,

This day should Clarence closely be mew'd^o up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day : what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering° my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower. 45

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George°.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers :
O, belike^o his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row^o plucks the letter G, 55
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;

And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these 60
 Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women
 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempers^o him to this extremity. 65
 Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. 70

Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure,
 But the queen's kindred and night-walking^o heralds,
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.^o
 Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery? 75

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery: 80
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge 85
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glou. Even so ; an't please your worship, Braken-
bury,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no treason, man : we say the king 90
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks : 95
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey. 100

Glou. We are the queen's abjects,° and must obey.
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
 I will perform it to enfranchise^o you. 105
 Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
 I will deliver you, or else lie^o for you: 110
 Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.]

Glou. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands. 115
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
 Well are you welcome to the open air.
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment? 120

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
 But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
 That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 125
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home; 130
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet^o long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person : 135
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die, 140
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live : 145

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.°

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends 150

Is to become her husband and her father :

The which will I ; not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her which I must reach unto.º

But yet I run before my horse to market: 155

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load —
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse —
Whilst I awhile obsequiously^o lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Poor key-cold° figure of a holy king! 5
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son, 10
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it! 15
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness! 25
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 As miserable by the death of him,
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee!

Come, now towards Chertsey^o with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's^o to be interred there ; 30
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ? 35

Glou. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I command :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
 Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. 45
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.^o

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern° of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds 55

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.°

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick, 65

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor
man: 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused^o infection^o of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make

No excuse current,^o but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself. 85

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand
excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast, 95
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries : 100
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant
me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath
him. 105

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that holp° to send him
thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits, 115
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless° deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.° 120

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, 125
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's
wreck ;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death
thy life!

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art
both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you. 135

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband. 140

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glou. He lives that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost
thou spit at me? 145

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.^o
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

Anne. Would they were basilisks,^o to strike thee
dead !

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops : 155
These eyes, which never shed remorseful^o tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland^o made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ; 165
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ; 175

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom, .

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry, 180

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[Here she lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me. 184

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love, 190
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false. 195

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope? 200

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ; 205

Wear both of them for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it? 210

Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad
 designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby Place°;
 Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey monastery this noble king, 215
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will with all expedient duty see you:
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me
 too, 220

To see you are become so penitent.
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already. 225

[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.]

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars°; there attend my coming.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. 230

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing°!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, 245
The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?^o 250
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,^o
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man. 255
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost. 260
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt his
 majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words. 5

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide° of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet : 15
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.°

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond,° good my Lord
of Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe 25
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice. 29

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby ?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheer-
fully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you confer
with him ? 35

Buck. Madam, we did : he desires to make atone-
ment

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn^o them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well ! but that will never be :
I fear our happiness is at the highest. 41

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :
Who are they that complain unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly 45
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth,^o deceive, and cog,^o
 Duck with French nods^o and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abused
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace. 55
 When have I injured thee! when done thee wrong?
 Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
 A plague upon you all! His royal person —
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the
 matter.
 The king, of his own royal disposition,
 And not provoked by any suitor else;
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, 65
 Which in your outward actions shows itself

Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad, 70
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester ;
You envy my advancement and my friends' : 75
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you :

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; whilst many fair promotions 80
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.°

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful
height
From that contented hap° which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty 85
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.° 89

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
 Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for —

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not
 so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
 She may help you to many fair preferments ; 95
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she, —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
 A bachelor, a handsome stripling too : 101
 I wis° your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long
 borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty 105
 With those gross taunts I often have endured.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid
 Than a great queen, with this condition,
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at :

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king: 115

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou slewest my husband Henry^o in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own. 125

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey^o Were factious for the house of Lancaster;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,^o War-
wick; 135

Yea, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon! —

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the
world,

Thou cacodemon^o! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days 145
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! 150

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof; 155
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd^o from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my
sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd; 165
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banish-
ment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes, 176
 And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,° —
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee; 180
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re-
 ported. 185

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I
 came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
 That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven? 195

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !
 If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king !
 Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales, 200
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
 And see another, as I see thee now, 205
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered
 hag ! 215

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
 shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation 220
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still^o begnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine, 225
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature^o and the son of hell! 230
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought 235
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
 O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted^o queen, vain flourish^o of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The time will come that thou shalt wish for me 245
To help thee curse that poisonous hunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty. 250

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are mala-
pert:^o 255

Your fire-new^o stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 260

Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,
marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high

Our aery^o buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun. 265

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt, 275

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame;

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass 285
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites, 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him. 294

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, 300

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess,
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
 curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
 She hath had too much wrong; and I repent 307
 My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot to do somebody good, 311
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
 He is frank'd^o up to fatting for his pains:
 God pardon them that are the cause of it! 315

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scathe^o to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
 For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you; 320
 And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad^o 325
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
 I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
 Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
 And say it is the queen and her allies 330
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
 But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil: 335
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy stout resolved mates! 340
 Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place. 345

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush ! 350

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers : be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones,^o when fools' eyes drop tears.

I like you, lads : about your business straight. 355

Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night, 5
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you
 tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10
 And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches^o: thence we look'd toward England,
 And cited up a thousand fearful times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster, 15
 That had befall'n us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon; 25

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued^o jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep? 35

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;

But smothered it within my panting bulk, 40

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul,
 Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood, 45
 With that grim ferryman^o which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 50
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
 A shadow^o like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he squeak'd out aloud, 54
 'Clarence is come ; false, fleeting,^o perjured Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewskbury :
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !
 With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60
 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;
 I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it. 65

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,

Which now bear evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone ;
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : God give your grace good
 rest !

70

75

[Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And, for unfelt^o imagination,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

80

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came
 you hither ?

85

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief? 88

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than
tedious. Show him our commission; talk no
more. [*Brakenbury reads it.*]

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands :
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. 95
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep :
I'll to the king ; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom : fare
you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*]

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? 101

First Murd. No ; then he will say 'twas done
cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall
never wake till the judgement-day. 105

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him
sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word judgement
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid? 110

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live. 115

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty. 120

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done. 125

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out. 131

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. How if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; it is a blushing shame-¹³⁸ fast° spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it. 145

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him° not: he would insinuate° with thee but to make thee sigh. 150

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear°? 154

First Murd. Take him over the costard° with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt° in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let's reason with him. 160

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou? 165

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own. 171

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come? 175

Both. To, to, to —

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. 180
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die. 185

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest^o have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced 190

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict^o by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins, 195

That you depart and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar. Erroneous^o vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded 201

That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law. 209

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster. 209

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous
blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and
defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear° degree? 215

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :
Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this ;
For in this sin he is as deep as I. 220
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly :
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him. 225

First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing° brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love°, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault, 230

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester, 235
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will. 240

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other, .

He little thought of this divided friendship :

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep. 245

First Murd. Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,

As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself :

'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee. 250

Clar. It cannot be ; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour^o my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven. 255

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must
die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me? 260
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish. 265
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ; 270
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress ;
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord. 275

First Murd. Take that, and that : if all this will
not do,

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dis-
patch'd !

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done ! 280

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not ?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art !

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his
brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ; 285

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

First Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Until the duke take^o order for his burial :

And when I have my meed, I must away ; 290

For this will out, and here I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT SECOND. — SCENE I.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven. 5
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging
hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end. 15

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
 Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
 You have been factious one against the other. 20
 Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more re-
 member
 Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord
 marquess. 25

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
 Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
 league.

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
 And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen.*] Whenever Buckingham doth
 turn his hate

On you or yours, but with all duteous love
 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
 With hate in those where I expect most love! 35
 When I have most need to employ a friend,
 And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
 Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
 When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. 40
 [They embrace.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
 To make the perfect period° of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
 duke. 45

Enter Gloucester.

Glow. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
 Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
 Between these swelling° wrong-incensed peers.

Glow. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
 Amongst this princely heap,° if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe; 55
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace ;
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity ; 60
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us ; 65
 Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds, 70
 More than the infant that is born to-night :
 I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.^o
 My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty 75
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks. 85

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag^o to see him buried. 90
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse^o than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current^o from suspicion!

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done! 95

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of
sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit,^o sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death. 105

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?°
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110

Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap° me 115

Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you : 125
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life ;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor
 Clarence !

[Exeunt some with King and Queen.]

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you
 not

How that the guilty kindred^o of the queen 135
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
 O, they did urge it still^o unto the king !
 God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
 To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt.]* 140

SCENE II.

*The palace.**Enter the Duchess of York,° with the two children of Clarence.**Boy.* Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?*Duch.* No, boy.*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast, and cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head, And call us wretches, orphans, castaways, 6
If that our noble father be alive?*Duch.* My pretty cousins,° you mistake me much.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him; not your father's death; 10
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.*Boy.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect. 15*Girl.* And so will I.*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
 You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle Gloucester

20

Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
 Devised impeachments^o to imprison him :
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my
 cheek ;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

25

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle
 shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard^o hide foul guile !

He is my son ; yea, and therein my shame ;

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

30

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears ;
 Rivers and Dorset after her.*

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
 To chide my fortune and torment myself ?

35

I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence :
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him 45
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images° : 50
But now two mirrors° of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother, 55
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,

Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's
death,

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept! 65

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery^o moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world! 70
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's
gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's
gone. 75

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are
gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
 Alas, I am the mother of these moans! 80
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they: 85
 Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd
 Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
 And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis-
 pleased
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing: 90
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
 Much more to be thus opposite^o with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you. 95

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
 Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glow. Madam, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;^o
I did not see your grace : humbly on my knee 105
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy
mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glow. [*Aside*] Amen ; and make me die a good old
man !
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing : 110
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy^o princes and heart-sorrowing
peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Nor cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest^o of this king, 115
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept :

Me seemeth° good, that, with some little train, 120
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buck-
 ingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out; 125
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is green° and yet ungovern'd :
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself,
 As well the fear of harm as harm apparent, 130
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us ;
 And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put 135
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,
 Which haply by much company might be urged :
 Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I. 140

Glou. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.°

Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures^o in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz. }
Duch. } With all our hearts.

145

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay behind ;
For, by the way, I'll sort^o occasion,
As index^o to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king. 150

Glou. My other self,^o my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

London. A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so
fast?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the
better° :

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

5

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King
Edward's death ?

Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous
world.

First Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall
reign.

10

Third Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a
child !

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,°
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

15

First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot°;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king 20
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest, 25
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught° and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace° as before. 30

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth. 35

All may be well ; but, if God sort^o it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread :
 Ye cannot reason almost^o with a man
 That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

Third Cit. Before the times of change, still^o is it
 so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing dangers ; as, by proof, we see
 The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away? 45

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I : I'll bear you company.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

London. The palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
 Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;
 At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince :
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. 5

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow 11

More than my brother : 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Glou-
cester,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not
hold 16

In him that did object the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

Duch. I hope so too ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd^o
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine. 25

Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous^o boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears. 37

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then? 41

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence? 45

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet°
Upon the innocent and aweless° throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days, 55
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils 60
Clean° over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen°;
Or let me die, to look on death no more! 65

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.^o

Madam, farewell.

Duch. I'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go ;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

70

The seal I keep : and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD. — SCENE I.

London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bouchier,^o Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.^o

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin,^o my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses^o on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy : 5
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows, 10
Seldom or never jumpeth^o with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts : 14
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they
were none. 16

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet
you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you
all.

I thought my mother and my brother York 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug^o is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time here comes the sweating
lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother
come? 25

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, 35
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless^o-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional: 45
Weigh^o it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place: 50
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;

55

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. [Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings. 60

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower : 65
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any^o place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.^o

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd, 75
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never
live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glou. I say, without characters,° fame lives long.

[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,°
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit, 85

His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, —

Buck. What, my gracious lord? 90

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly° have a for-
ward spring.

Enter young York, Hastings and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of
York. 95

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And, therefore is he idle? 105

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110

Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it. 116

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear. 120

York. I weigh it lightly,^o were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glou. How?

York. Little. 125

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks^o both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful. 135

Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so. 141

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :
My grandam told me he was murder'd there. 145

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,
Buckingham and Catesby.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed^o by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous^o boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable : 155
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ; 160
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince, 165
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what
will he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, 170
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons: 175

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold divided^o councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood° at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give Mistress Shore° one gentle kiss the more. 185

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business sound.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
 sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord. 189

Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we per-
 ceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?°

Glou. Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will
 do :

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables° 195
 Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willing-
 ness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
 We may digest our complots in some form. 200

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four. 5

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then?

Mess. And then he sends you word 10

He dreamt to-night the boar^o had razed^o his helm:

Besides, he says there are two councils held;

And that may be determined at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure, 15

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils : 20
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :° 25
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. 30
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord ! 35

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord ;
 And I believe 'twill never stand upright
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean
 the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
 shoulders,
 Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ? 45

Cate. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party for the gain thereof :
 And thereupon he sends you this good news,
 That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 50

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still^o mine enemies :
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows I will not do it, to the death. 55

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month
 hence,
 That they who brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

I tell thee, Catesby, —

60

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

65

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

70

Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head^o upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

75

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,^o
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

80

And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London, 85

Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt :
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.° 95
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now, 100
Than when I met thee last where now we meet :
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
This day those enemies are put to death, 105
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. God save your lordship. [Exit.]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your
honour. 110

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ; 115
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I shall not stay : 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou
know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Pomfret Castle.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying
Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this :
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. 6

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers ! 10

Within the guilty closure^o of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son. 16

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she
Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
And for my sister and her princely sons, 20

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.^o

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all em-
brace :

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven. 25

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once : the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak : when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time ?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination. 5

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward^o with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. Who, I, my lord ! We know each other's
faces, 10

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours ;

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love. 14

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein :
 But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
 I have been long a sleeper ; but, I hope,
 My absence doth neglect no great designs, 25
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
 William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part, —
 I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be
 bolder ; 30
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My Lord of Ely !

Ely. My lord ?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there :

I do beseech you send for some of them. 35

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit.*

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Drawing him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

As he will lose his head ere give consent 40

His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ; 45

For I myself am not so well provided

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.°

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day ;
There's some conceit or other likes° him well, 51
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,

I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart. 55

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood^o he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say. 60

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord, 65
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm 70
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me. 74

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,

Glou. Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor :

Off with his head ! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done :

The rest that love me, rise and follow me. 80

[Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.]

Hast. Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly : 84

Three times to-day my foot-cloth^o horse did stumble,^o

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies, 90

How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head ! 94

Rat. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; ^o he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast, 100
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to ex-
 claim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
 I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee 105
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
 Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
 They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Tower-walls.

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour,
 marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
 thy colour,
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian, 5
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices, 10
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor, —

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there ! 15

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent —

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard
us ! 20

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and
Lovel.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature 25
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book,° wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder° of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
traitor
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost° believe, 35
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, had he so? 40

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety, 45
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands, 50
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented: 55
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may 60
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens 65
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glow. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend : 70
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glow. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :^o
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,^o 75
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead 80
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glow. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle^o ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock 85
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*]

Glow. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw^o ;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker^o ; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in to take some privy order, 90

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;

And to give notice, that no manner of person

At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord
Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.°

And mark how well the sequel hangs together :

Eleven hours I spent to write it over, 5

For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me ;

The precedent° was full as long a-doing :

And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while ! Why, who's sò gross,

That seeth not this palpable device? 11
 Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.^o
[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord,
 The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy, 5
 And his contract by deputy^o in France;
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
 Withal I did infer your lineaments, 10
 Being the right idea^o of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind;

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility; 15

Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
 And when mine oratory grew to an end,
 I bid them that did love their country's good
 Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!' 20

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statuëes or breathing^o stones,
 Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which when I saw, I reprehended them; 25

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:

His answer was, the people were not wont

To be spoke to but by the recorder.

Then he was urged to tell my tale again:

'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;' 30

But nothing spake in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own

At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few, 35

'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!' quoth I,

‘This general applause and loving shout
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard ;’
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they ! would
 they not speak ? 40

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren
 come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand : intend° some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand, 45
 And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I’ll build a holy descant :°
 And be not easily won to our request ;

Play the maid’s part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go ; and if you plead as well for them 50
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we’ll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads° ; the lord mayor
 knocks. [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal. 55

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,
What says he?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day :
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent on meditation ; 60
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment, 65
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lolling, 70
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross^o his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul : 75
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :

But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay !

Buck. I fear he will. 80

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

Cate. My lord,

He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him. 85

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him ;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.]

When holy and devout religious men 90
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops.

Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity : 95
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
 True ornaments to know a holy man.
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ears to our request ;
 And pardon us the interruption 100
 Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology :
 I rather do beseech you pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Neglect the visitation of my friends. 105
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
 That seems disgraceful^o in the city's eyes, 110
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord : would it might please
 your grace,
 At our entreaties, to amend that fault !

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
 The supreme seat, the throne majestic, 116
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock : 120
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 Which here we waken to our country's good,
 This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
 Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, 125
 And almost shoulder'd in° the swallowing gulf
 Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
 Which to recure,° we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land ; 130
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery,° your own.
 For this, consorted with the citizens, 135
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, 140
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :

If not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ; 145
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last, 150
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable° shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away
 And that my path were even to the crown, 155
 As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, 160
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
 And much I need° to help you, if need were ;
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit, 165

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars ; 170
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your
 grace ;

But the respects^o thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son : 175

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;

For first he was contract to Lady Lucy —

Your mother lives a witness to that vow —

And afterward by substitute^o betroth'd

To Bona, sister to the King of France. 180

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-crazed mother of a many children,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye, 185

Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts

To base declension^o and loathed bigamy :

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got

This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate, 190
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,^o
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal, 195
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course. 198

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit !

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on
 me :

I am unfit for state and majesty :
 I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
 I cannot nor I will not yield to you. 205

Buck. If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your kin, 210
 And egally^o indeed to all estates, —

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house : 215
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens : 'zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their
 suit :

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land dorue
 it. 220

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care ?
 Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
 But penetrable to your kind entreats,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men, 225
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load :
 But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
 Attend the sequel of your imposition, 230

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance° me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say
 it. 235

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title :
 Long live Richard, England's royal king !

May. and Cit. Amen. 239

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd ?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it
 so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace :
 And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
 Farewell, good cousin ; farewell, gentle friends. 245

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH. — SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece^o Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, of my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both 5
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York? 14

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! why, who's that?

Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title! 20

Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?

I am their mother; who should keep me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame, 25
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to West-
minster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart

May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon 35
With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 40

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond,^o from the reach of hell:

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead; 45

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son^o 50

To meet you on the way, and welcome you.

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!

O my accursed womb, the bed of death:

A cockatrice^o hast thou hatch'd to the world. 55

Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.

I would to God that the inclusive verge°

Of golden metal that must round my brow 60

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !

Anointed let me be with deadly venom,

And die, ere men can say, God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. 65

Anne. No ! why ? When he that is my husband
'now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands

Which issued from my other angel husband,

And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ; 70

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

This was my wish : 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,

For making me, so young, so old a widow !

And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;

And be thy wife — if any be so mad — 75

As miserable by the death of thee

As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly^o grew captive to his honey words, 80
 And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
 Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest ;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
 But have been waked by his timorous dreams. 85
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for
 yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it !

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good
 fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard
 thee !

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good
 thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me ! 95
 Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.^o

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
 Whom envy hath immured within your walls! 100
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
 Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
 For tender princes, use my babies well!
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:

But shall we wear these honours for a day? 5

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever may they last!

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,^o
 To try if thou be current^o gold indeed:

Young Edward lives: think now what I would say. 10

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence, 15

That Edward still should live true noble prince!

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief. 20

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezeth:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my
lord,

Before I positively speak herein: 25

I will resolve^o your grace immediately. [*Exit.*]

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see,
he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective^o boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes: 30

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting
gold

Would tempt unto a close^o exploit of death? 35

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

K. Rich. I partly know the man : go, call him
hither. [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel :
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? 45

Enter Stanley.

How now ! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die :

I will take order^o for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter : 55

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out

That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die :

About it ; for it stands me much upon,^o

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. 60

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her !

Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin : 65

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon : 75
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, *Tyrrel* :

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so : say it is done, 81
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, *Tyrrel*, ere we
sleep? 84

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well, look to it. 90

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;^o
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey 95
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just demand ?

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100
A king, perhaps, perhaps, —

Buck. My lord !

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, — 105

K. Rich. Richmond ! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,

And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? 116

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,^o thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, 121

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt all but Buckingham.]

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone 125
To Brecknock,^o while my fearful head is on! *[Exit.]*

Wed

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butcher, 5
Although they were flesh'd° villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes :'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another 10
Within their innocent alabaster arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my
mind ; 15
But O ! the devil' — there the villain stopp'd ;
Whilst Dighton thus told on : 'We smothered
The most replenish'd° sweet work of nature

That from the prime^o creation e'er she framed.'
 Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse ; 20
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
 And here he comes.

Enter King Richard.

All hail, my sovereign liege !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news? 24

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;

But how or in what place I do not know. 30

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,^o

And thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.* 35

The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;^o

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
 Now, for I know the Breton Richmond^o aims
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
 To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

40

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord !

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so
 bluntly ?

45

Cate. Bad news, my lord : Ely is fled to Richmond ;
 And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.

50

Come, I have heard that fearful commenting^o
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

55

Come, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;^o
 We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Before the palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction° am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender
babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right°
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night. 16

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit° Plantagenet, 20
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living
ghost, 26

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood! 30

Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend, 35
Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
 If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ; 40
 I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
 I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st° to kill him. 45

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
 kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,°
 To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God, 55
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal° cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow° with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
 Young York he is but boot,^o because both they 65
 Match not the high perfection of my loss :
 Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 The Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,^o
 Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
 And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, 75
 To have him suddenly convey'd away.
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune ;
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;

The presentation° of but what I was ;
 The flattering index° of a direful pageant ; 85
 One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below ;
 A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes ;
 A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
 A sign of dignity, a garish flag
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ; 90
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where are thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues to thee, and cries 'God save the queen' ?
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee ? 95
 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee ?
 Decline° all this, and see what now thou art :
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ; 100
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about, 105
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my weary neck,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
 These English woes will make me smile in France. 115

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the
 days;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, 120
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with
 thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce
 like mine. [Exit. 125

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys° to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart 130
 Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
 I hear his drum : be copious in exclaims. 135

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
 crown, 140

Where should be graven, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that owed° that crown,
 And the dire death of my two sons and brothers ?
 Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
 Clarence ? 145

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
 Grey ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience. 156

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,^o
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech. 160

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood,^o thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell. 166
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy^o and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
 Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous, 170
 Thy age confirm'd,° proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous ;
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever graced me in thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,° that
 call'd your grace 175

To breakfast once forth of my company.
 If I be so disgracious in your sight,
 Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
 Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ; 180

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.°

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish 185
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ; 190
 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. 195
 [*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
 to curse
 Abides in me ; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with
 you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
 For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard, 200
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
 And therefore level° not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ; 206
 Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy :
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. 210

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth. 213

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destined to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle
cozen'd°

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction : 225

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart.

To revel in the entrails of my lamb.

But that still° use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys, 230

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise, 235
And dangerous success^o of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it; 245
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise^o to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter. 255

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from°
thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it. 260

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else? 265

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. 270

Q. Eliz. Send to her by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her, — as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, — 275
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts; 280
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the
way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way; 285
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but
hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter. 295
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans 300
Endured of her, for whom you bid^o like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen. 305
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home 310
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;

Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content. 315

What! we have many goodly days to see:
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging^o their loan with interest 320
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame 325
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come. 330

Q. Eliz. What were I best^o to say? her father's
 brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour and her love, 335
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer^o fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still^o lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

340

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

345

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

350

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick. 355

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter,^o and my crown, — 360

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear —

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory. 365
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself —

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest. 370

K. Rich. Why then, by God —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
 The unity the king thy brother made
 Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, 375
 The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
 Had graced the tender temples of my child,
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms. 380
 What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
 past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 384
 The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
 Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast. 390

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
 Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest! 395
 Be opposite° all planets of good luck
 To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness and thine; 400
 Without her, follows to this land and me,
 To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
 It cannot be avoided but by this;
 It will not be avoided but by this. 405
 Therefore, good mother, — I must call you so —
 Be the attorney of my love to her:
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of times, 410
 And be not peevish-fond° in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong your-
self. 415

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, fare-
well. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* 420

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, 425
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull,° expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
Norfolk: 430

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou
to Salisbury:

When thou comest thither, — [*To Catesby*] Dull un-
mindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke? 435

Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your
mind.

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true,° good Catesby: bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me presently at Salisbury.

440

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before
I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before. 445

K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is
changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the
hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
 Why dost thou run so many mile about, 451
 When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
 Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
 White-liver'd° runagate, what doth he there? 455

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
 He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
 sway'd? 460

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
 What heir of York is there alive but we?
 And who is England's king but great York's heir?
 Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess. 465

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
 You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman° comes.
 Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
 Where are thy tenants and thy followers? 471

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard : what do they in the north, 475

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign :

Please it your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace

Where and what time your majesty shall please. 480

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :

I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, 485

Go muster men ; but, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,^o 491
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe^o confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in
arms; 495
And every hour more competitors^o
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of
Buckingham —

K. Rich. Out on you, owls^o! nothing but songs of
death? [He striketh him.

Take that, until thou bring me better news. 500

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy : 505
 There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
 Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
 Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made,
 my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovell and Lord Marquis
 Dorset, 510
 'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
 Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
 The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest :
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks 515
 If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
 Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
 Upon his party° : he, mistrusting them,
 Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in
 arms ; 520
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken ;
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, 525
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason
here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. 530
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord Derby's house.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd^o up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that withholds my present aid. 5
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ; 10
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap° Thomas, with a valiant crew,
 And many moe of noble fame and worth :
 And towards London they do bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withal. 15

Der. Return unto thy lord ; commend me to him :
 Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters will resolve° him of my mind.
 Farewell. [Exeunt. 20

ACT FIFTH. — SCENE I.

Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak^o with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,

Vaughan, and all that have miscarried

5

By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

10

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms-day.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,

I wish'd might fall on me when I was found

False to his children or his wife's allies;

15

This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him I trusted most ;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determined respite° of my wrongs :
 That high All-seer that I dallied with 20
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head ; 25
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;°
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The camp near Tamworth.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley 5
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 10
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace 15
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for
 fear, 20

Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Bosworth Field.**Enter King Richard in arms with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not? 5

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night:

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe? 9

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion° trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field ; 15
 Call for some men of sound direction :
 Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;
 For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And by the bright track of his fiery car 20
 Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit° each leader to his several charge, 25
 And part in just proportion our small strength.
 My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
 The Earl of Pembroke keeps° his regiment :
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
 Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
 Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much, 35
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him. 40
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business : 45
In to our tent ! the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff,
Catesby, and others.*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver° easier than it was ! 50
And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord. 55

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby !

Cate. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant° at arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power 60
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.°
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves° be sound, and not too heavy. 65
Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord North-
umberland ?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut° time, from troop to troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine :

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord. 75

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Rat-
 cliff,

About the mid of night come to my tent,
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.]

*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others
 attending.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! 81
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney,^o bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on, 85
 And flaky^o darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring^o war. 90

I, as I may — that which I would I cannot, —
 With best advantage° will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, 95
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell : the leisure° and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon : 100
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
 Lest leaden slumber peise° me down to-morrow, 105
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in the victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul, 115
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! [Sleeps.]

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. *[To Richard]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul
 to-morrow !

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die ! 120

[To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged
 souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. *[To Richard]* When I was mortal, my
 anointed body°

By thee was punched full of deadly holes : 125

Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !

[To Richmond] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live, and flourish ! 130

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,^o
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die! 135
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lan-
caster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die! 140

Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let
thy soul despair!

Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan,
and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs
in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him! awake, and win the day! 145

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [To Richard] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!

[To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [To Richard] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy; 155

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

Ghost. [To Richard] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !

[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
sleep :

Dream of success and happy victory ! 165

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee
to the crown ;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny :

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !

[*To Richmond*] I died for hope^o ere I could lend thee
aid :

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :

God ar d good angels fight on Richmond's side ; 175

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard
starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse : bind up my
wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft! I did but dream.
 O coward conscience,° how dost thou afflict me!
 The lights burn blue.° It is now dead midnight. 180
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
 Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why: 185
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself! 190
 I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain. 195
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me; 200
 And if I die, no soul will pity me:

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

205

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

210

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof,^o and led by shallow Richmond.

220

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,

To see if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here. 225

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory: 231
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four. 235

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direc-
tion.

HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure^o and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side; 240

The prayers of holy saints and wrongéd souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces
 Richard except°, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win than him they follow :
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen, 245
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;
 One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
 him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil° 250
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy :
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice ward° you as his soldiers ;
 If you do sweat° to put a tyrant down, 255
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ; 260
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit° it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt 265
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully ;
 God and Saint George !° Richmond and victory ! 270
[Exeunt.]

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching
 Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey,
 then ?

Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our pur-
 pose.'

K. Rich. He was in the right ; and so indeed it is.
[The clock striketh.]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar. 276
 Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book
 He should have braved° the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. 280
 Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
 Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me 285
 More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Re-enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
 Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power: 290
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 And thus my battle shall be ordered:
 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot;
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst: 295
 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we will follow
 In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot°! What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

K. Rich. [Reads] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so
bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'° 305

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe : 310

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ; 315

A sort° of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey° peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assured destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest ; 320
 You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's^o cost ?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life 325
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-
 selves :

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And in record left them the heirs of shame. 335

[*Drum afar off.*] Hark !

I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ; 340
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh : 345
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons ! 350
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting ;
to him Catesby.*

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite° to every danger :
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. 5
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
 The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit^o
thee.

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch 5
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all !
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester^o town ; 10
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled, 16
That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,^o
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, 25

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
 All this divided York and Lancaster,
 Divided in their dire division,
 O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
 And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
 With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
 Abate° the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 35
 That would reduce° these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again : 40
 That she may'long live here, God say amen !
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

ACT I

I. i. 2. **Sun.** The reference probably is to the heraldic device of Edward IV., — a sun, to commemorate his victory over the house of Lancaster in the battle of Mortimer's Cross. Three suns are said to have appeared in the sky at the time as an omen of victory.

I. i. 10. **Barbed.** The saddle, bridle and housings had spikes and tassels.

I. i. 13. **Pleasing.** A lute which gives pleasure.

I. i. 15. **Amorous looking-glass.** The quality of the amorous person is transferred to the looking-glass, as often in poetry. This is a classic touch.

Cf. breathing. I. i. 21.

I. i. 24. **Piping.** Making merry with pipe and dance.

I. i. 27. **Descant.** Comment. See also III. vii. 47.

I. i. 32. **Inductions.** Preparations.

I. i. 38. **mew'd up.** Imprisoned.

I. i. 44. **Tendering.** With tender care for. Is this sarcasm?

I. i. 46. **George.** Cf. G: I. i. 39.

I. i. 49. **Belike.** It is likely.

I. i. 55. **Cross-row.** This refers to the arrangement of the alphabet on a chart, from which the letter G is selected.'

I. i. 65. **Tempers.** Moulds.

I. i. 72. **Night-walking.** Mysterious and secret.

I. i. 73. **Mistress Shore.** Edward's mistress was Jane

Shore, wife of a goldsmith. Later she became the mistress of Hastings.

I. i. 101. **Abjects.** The noun is apparently formed here to indicate a low servility. "It is the only instance of the noun in Shakespeare" (Rolfe).

I. i. 105. **Enfranchise.** free.

I. i. 110. **Lie.** Lie in prison.

I. i. 134. **Evil diet.** Bad habits.

I. i. 148. **Warwick's youngest daughter.** Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI.

I. i. 154. **Which I must reach unto.** Note the transposed order.

SCENE 2

I. ii. 3. **Obsequiously.** As a mourner at the obsequies.

I. ii. 5. **Key-cold.** A proverbial expression for the coldness of death.

I. ii. 29. **Chertsey.** A town in Surrey, 19 miles from London.

I. ii. 30. **Paul's.** The body of the dead king had rested in St. Paul's Cathedral for a night.

I. ii. 49. **Curst.** Sharp-tongued.

I. ii. 54. **Pattern.** Example.

I. ii. 56. **Bleed afresh.** It was a common superstition that a murdered corpse bled anew in the presence of the murderer.

I. ii. 78. **Defused.** Shapeless.

Infection. Plague; source of infection or contagion.

I. ii. 84. **Current.** Generally accepted.

I. ii. 107. **Holp,** helped.

I. ii. 117. **Timeless,** untimely.

- I. ii. 120. **Effect.** Performance.
I. ii. 148. **Toad.** Toads were supposed to be poisonous.
I. ii. 151. **Basilisks.** Creatures that could kill by their glance.
I. ii. 156. **Remorseful, pitiful.** Cf. III. vii. 209.
I. ii. 158. **Rutland.** Richard's older brother.
I. ii. 213. **Crosby Place.** This mansion, built by Sir John Crosby, stood in Bishopsgate and was the residence of Richard.
I. ii. 227. **White-Friars.** The convent of the Virgin of Mt. Carmel. Many noted men were buried there.
I. ii. 238. **World to nothing.** The chances were against him as the world to nothing. Shakespeare was aware of the difficulty presented here. The difficulty is softened by its frank recognition.
I. ii. 250. **Moiety, half.**
I. ii. 252. **Denier.** A very small coin. The twelfth part of a sou.

SCENE 3

- I. iii. 6. **Betide.** Become.
I. iii. 16. **Miscarry.** Die.
I. iii. 20. **Countess of Richmond.** Lord Derby was her third husband. Her son by her first husband became King Henry VII.
I. iii. 39. **Warn.** Summon.
I. iii. 48. **Smooth.** Flatter. **Cog.** Cheat.
I. iii. 49. **French nods.** Affectation.
I. iii. 82. **Noble.** A coin worth eight shillings, sixpence.
I. iii. 84. **Hap.** Fortune.
I. iii. 89. **Suspects, suspicions.**

- I. iii. 102. **Wis.** Surely ; wis is from an obsolete form *ywis*.
 I. iii. 119. **Henry.** Henry VI.
 I. iii. 127. **Grey.** Elizabeth's first husband, slain at battle of St. Albans in 1460.
 I. iii. 135. **Father.** Father-in-law. Clarence's wife was Isabel, daughter of Warwick, and sister of Anne.
 I. iii. 144. **Cacodemon.** Evil spirit.
 I. iii. 159. **Pill'd.** Pillaged.
 I. iii. 178. **Rutland.** Richard's older brother.
 I. iii. 222. **Still.** Continually. Cf. II. i. 137 and II. iii. 41.
 I. iii. 230. **Slave of nature.** His deformity was a mark of nature like the master's brand on his slave.
 I. iii. 241. **Painted.** Made-believe. **Flourish.** Embellishment ; Pretender.
 I. iii. 255. **Malapert.** Saucy.
 I. iii. 256. **Fire-new.** Just off the forge. Cf. brand-new. The queen's son by her former husband had recently (1475) been made Marquis of Dorset.
 I. iii. 264, 270. **Aery.** Brood.
 I. iii. 314. **Franked-up.** In pen like a fattening pig.
 I. iii. 317. **Scathe.** Harm.
 I. iii. 325. **Set abroach.** Am the cause of.
 I. iii. 354. **Your eyes drop millstones etc.** A proverbial expression for courage under pitiable circumstances.

SCENE 4

- I. iv. 13. **Hatches.** Deck.
 I. iv. 27. **Unvalued.** Invaluable ; beyond computation.
 I. iv. 46. **Ferryman.** Charon.
 I. iv. 53. **Shadow.** Edward, son of Henry VI.
 I. iv. 55. **Fleeting.** Changeable.

- I. iv. 80. **Unfelt imagination.** Their joys are imaginary, intangible; their cares are real.
- I. iv. 139. **Shamefast.** Shamefaced.
- I. iv. 149. **Him.** Refers to conscience, not to devil. Let the devil aid you in opposing the appeal of conscience.
- Insinuate.** Win your confidence.
- I. iv. 154. **Gear.** Work.
- I. iv. 155. **Costard.** A slang expression for head. Costard was a kind of apple.
- I. iv. 157. **Malmsey-butt.** Butt of malmsey wine.
- I. iv. 189. **Lawful quest.** Jury.
- I. iv. 192. **Convict.** Not the noun. It is used in place of convicted.
- I. iv. 200. **Erroneous.** Erring; mistaken.
- I. iv. 215. **Dear.** Great; extreme.
- I. iv. 227. **Gallant-springing.** Growing up in beauty.
- I. iv. 229. **Brother's love.** Love is used in an active sense; love for my brother. Cf. the same use in 230.
- I. iv. 253. **Labour.** Work to bring about my delivery.
- I. iv. 289. **Take order.** Take measures; make arrangements.

ACT II

- II. i. 44. **Period.** Conclusion.
- II. i. 51. **Swelling.** Angry.
- II. i. 53. **Heap.** Crowd; throng.
- II. i. 74. **Compounded.** Composed; settled.
- II. i. 90. **Lag.** Late.
- II. i. 93. **Deserve worse.** A veiled threat and prophecy of future deeds.

II. i. 94. **Current.** Free; sound.

II. i. 99. **Forfeit.** The servant forfeited his life by committing murder. Derby now asks the forfeit of the thing forfeited, which is equivalent to pardon.

II. i. 107. **Advised.** Considerate.

II. i. 115. **Lap.** Wrap.

II. i. 135. **Guilty kindred.** Cf. 93.

II. i. 137. **Still.** Cf. I. iii. 222; II. iii. 41; III. ii. 52.

SCENE 2

II. ii. **The Duchess of York** was the widow of Richard Duke of York, and mother of the king, Edward IV, and his two brothers, Clarence and the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III.

II. ii. 8. **Cousins.** Used here for grandchildren.

II. ii. 22. **Impeachments.** Accusations.

II. ii. 28. **Vizard.** Mask.

II. ii. 50. **Images.** His children.

II. ii. 51. **Two mirrors.** Edward IV and Clarence. The false glass is the remaining son, the Duke of Gloucester.

II. ii. 69. **Watery moon.** Watery because the moon is the ruler of the tides.

II. ii. 94. **Opposite.** In opposition to.

II. ii. 104. **Cry you mercy.** Beg your pardon.

II. ii. 112. **Cloudy.** Sorrowful; with gloomy face.

II. ii. 115. **Harvest.** Benefits derived from the reign.

II. ii. 120. **Me seemeth.** It seems to me.

II. ii. 127. **Estate is green.** Refers to the youth of the Prince of Wales.

II. ii. 142. **Ludlow.** Ludlow, a town near the Welsh boundary, where the Prince of Wales lived.

- II. ii. 144. Censures. Opinion.
 II. ii. 148. Sort. Find.
 II. ii. 149. Index. Introduction.
 II. ii. 151. My other self. An expression of deep friendship. It is of course feigned in this case.

SCENE 3

II. iii. 4. Seldom comes the better. A proverb meaning bad news seldom becomes better.

II. iii. 11-15. In him there is hope, etc. The syntax is involved. The thought is that in his prime he himself shall govern well, in his minority his council for him.

II. iii. 18. Wot. Knows.

II. iii. 28. Haught. Haughty.

II. iii. 30. Solace. Be happy.

II. iii. 36. Sort. Arrange.

II. iii. 39. You cannot reason almost. You rarely converse.

II. iii. 41. Still. Always. Cf. I. iii. 222; II. i. 137; and III. ii. 52.

SCENE 4

II. iv. 23. Had been remembered. If I had thought of it.

II. iv. 35. Parlous. Dangerous; for perilous.

II. iv. 51. Jet. Protrude.

II. iv. 52. Aweless. Used in active sense and meaning it inspires no awe.

II. iv. 61. Clean overblown. Completely passed and ended.

II. iv. 64. Spleen. Hatred.

II. iv. 66. Sanctuary. To save their lives, they fled to Westminster.

ACT III

III. i. Cardinal Bouchier became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464.

III. i. 1. Your chamber. London was known as the King's Chamber because it was the residence of the king.

III. i. 2. Cousin. Nephew.

III. i. 4. Crosses. Trials.

III. i. 11. Jumpeth with. Is harmonious with.

III. i. 22. Slug. Sluggard.

III. i. 44. Senseless. Unreasonable.

III. i. 46. Weigh it but, etc. If you consider the question of sanctuary from the point of view of an unscrupulous age rather than from that of the ceremony and tradition of religious custom, you commit no wrong in seizing him.

III. i. 68. Of any place. Of all places.

III. i. 71. Re-edified. Rebuilt.

III. i. 81. Characters. The word has two meanings: *written records*, without which fame nevertheless lives long; *marked qualities*, such as betoken wisdom.

Without character = *the foolish* live long, the opposite of Gloucester's aside.

III. i. 82. Formal vice, Iniquity. Vice, in the old morality plays, was represented by a character called Iniquity.

III. i. 94. Lightly. Usually.

III. i. 121. Weigh it lightly. Consider it an unimportant gift.

III. i. 129. Mocks both you and me. Gloucester's deformity and York's small size are meant.

III. i. 152. Incensed. Incited.

III. i. 154. Parlous. Cf. II. iv. 35.

III. i. 179. Divided councils. Hastings and others were planning the coronation of the Prince; Richard was elsewhere planning to seize the crown for himself.

III. i. 183. Are let blood. Are killed.

III. i. 185. Mistress Shore. Cf. I. i. 73. She became the mistress of Hastings after the King's death.

III. i. 192. Complots. Plots.

III. i. 195. Moveables. Moveable property.

SCENE 2

III. ii. 11. Boar. Gloucester had adopted the boar as his heraldic device. The dream was fulfilled in the fact that Hastings was beheaded and Lord Stanley was killed by cleaving his head.

Had razed his helm. Had violently torn off his helmet.

III. ii. 25. Instance. Cause.

III. ii. 52. Still. Continually. Cf. I. iii. 222; II. i. 137; and II. iii. 41.

III. ii. 72. Head upon the bridge. The heads of traitors were exposed on London Bridge.

III. ii. 77. Rood. Cross.

III. ii. 95. Wear their hats. Get their offices and honours.

SCENE 3

III. iii. 11. Closure. Enclosure.

III. iii. 23. Expiate. Ready.

SCENE 4

III. iv. 8. Inward with. Intimate with.

III. iv. 47. Prolonged. Postponed.

III. iv. 51. Likes. Pleases.

III. iv. 57. Likelihood. Sign.

III. iv. 85. Foot-cloth horse. Horse with a foot-cloth or ornamental housing.

Stumble. This was considered a bad omen.

III. iv. 96. Short shrift. Brief confession.

SCENE 5

III. v. 27. Book. Note-book; diary.

III. v. 32. Attainder. Taint.

III. v. 35. Almost. Scarcely; hardly.

III. v. 73. Post. * Post-haste.

III. v. 75. Citizen. This was a merchant living in Cheapside. This death was part of the accusations against Edward which were presented to Richard before his accession.

III. v. 82. Baynard's Castle. A castle owned by Richard's father, the Duke of York.

III. v. 87. Doctor Shaw. Brother of the Lord Mayor of London; a popular preacher, who advocated that the Duke of Gloucester be elevated to the throne.

III. v. 88. Friar Penker. A popular priest, used by the Duke of Gloucester to support his claim to the throne.

SCENE 6

III. vi. 3. Pauls. St. Paul's Cathedral.

III. vi. 7. Precedent. First draft.

III. vi. 14. In thought. In silence.

SCENE 7

III. vii. 6. **Contract by deputy.** The betrothal contract with lady Bona, sister to the King of France, was made by Warwick, Edward's deputy.

III. vii. 11-12. **Idea.** I suggested that you resembled your father.

III. vii. 23. **Breathing stones.** Alive and breathing, but, like stones, unresponsive.

III. vii. 43. **Intend.** Pretend.

III. vii. 47. **Build a holy descant.** Build up a tale of holiness. **Descant** is literally a variation upon a plain song. It is, of course, used metaphorically for Buckingham's pleasing invention.

III. vii. 53. **The leads.** The roof — it was covered with lead.

III. vii. 74. **Engross.** Made gross.

III. vii. 110. **Disgracious.** Ungracious.

III. vii. 126. **Shouldered.** Pushed into.

III. vii. 128. **Recure.** Restore to right conditions.

III. vii. 134. **Empery.** Empire.

III. vii. 153. **Unmeritable.** Undeserving; for unmeriting.

III. vii. 164. **Much I need to help you.** I lack much that is necessary to be of use to you.

III. vii. 173. **Respects thereof are nice.** Your considerations are too carefully drawn.

III. vii. 179. **Substitute.** See *deputy*, l. 6, above.

III. vii. 187. **Declension.** Degradation.

III. vii. 191. **Some alive.** Refers to the mother of Gloucester.

III. vii. 211. **Egally.** Equally.

III. vii. 231. **Acquittance.** Acquit me because you forced it upon me.

ACT IV

IV. i. 1. Niece. Used for granddaughter.

IV. i. 43. Richmond. He was then in Brittany.

IV. i. 50. Son. Stepson of Stanley who was third husband of the Countess of Richmond.

IV. i. 55. Cockatrice. Like the basilisk, I. ii. 151, a creature that was supposed to kill by its glance.

IV. i. 59. Inclusive verge. Enclosing circle = the crown.

IV. i. 80. Grossly. Stupidly.

IV. i. 97. Teen. Sorrow.

SCENE 2

IV. ii. 8. Touch. Touchstone.

IV. ii. 9. Current. Genuine.

IV. ii. 26. Resolve. Answer.

IV. ii. 29. Unrespective. Boys that have no habit of observation.

IV. ii. 35. Close. Secret.

IV. ii. 53. Take order. Issue command.

IV. ii. 59. It stands me much upon. It is of great importance to me.

IV. ii. 92. Pawned. Pledged.

IV. ii. 117. Jack. The figure which struck the hour was known as Jack of the Clock.

IV. ii. 126. Brecknock. A castle in Wales, owned by Buckingham.

SCENE 3

IV. iii. 6. Flesh'd. Hardened.

IV. iii. 18. Replenished. Perfect.

IV. iii. 19. Prime. First.

IV. iii. 31. At after supper. The time between supper and bed-time.

IV. iii. 37. Match'd in marriage. To Sir Richard Pole. Their son became Cardinal Pole.

IV. iii. 40. Breton Richmond. So called because he lived in Brittany or Bretagne.

IV. iii. 51-52. Fearful commenting is leaden servitor. Timid thought is a heavy servant and causes delay.

IV. iii. 56. My counsel is my shield. Action is my policy.

SCENE 4

IV. iv. 5. Induction. Cf. I. i. 32.

IV. iv. 15. Right for right. Justice.

IV. iv. 20. Quit. Requite.

IV. iv. 45. Holps't. Cf. I. ii. 107.

IV. iv. 49. Teeth before his eyes. This refers to the story that Richard was born with teeth. Cf. II. iv. 28.

IV. iv. 56. Carnal. Bloodthirsty.

IV. iv. 58. Pewfellow. Companion.

IV. iv. 65. Boot. To boot; in the bargain.

IV. iv. 71. Intelligencer. Messenger; agent.

IV. iv. 84. Presentation. Resemblance; semblance.

IV. iv. 85. Index. Introduction; the representative or leading figure. Cf. II. ii. 149.

IV. iv. 97. Decline. Run through. A figure borrowed from grammar.

IV. iv. 127. Attorneys. Advocates.

IV. iv. 142. Owed. Owned.

IV. iv. 157. Condition. Disposition.

IV. iv. 165. Rood. Cf. III. ii. 77.

- IV. iv. 168. Tetchy. Fretful.
- IV. iv. 171. Age confirm'd. Age matured.
- IV. iv. 175. Humphrey Hour. Probably a proverbial expression equivalent to "go without breakfast."
- IV. iv. 182. So. Well; indeed.
- IV. iv. 202. Level. Aim.
- IV. iv. 222. Cozen'd. Cheated.
- IV. iv. 229. Still. Constant.
- IV. iv. 236. Dangerous success. Doubtful result.
- IV. iv. 247. Demise. Bequeath.
- IV. iv. 258. From. Used in the sense of "away from," thus ridiculing Richard's statement in line 255.
- IV. iv. 301. Bid. Endured; this is the past tense of bide.
- IV. iv. 320. Advantaging. Increasing.
- IV. iv. 331. Were I best. Would be best for me.
- IV. iv. 337. Infer. Suggest.
- IV. iv. 338. Still lasting. Everlasting.
- IV. iv. 360. My George, my garter. The Order of the Garter dates from Edward III; the figure of St. George killing the dragon was added to the insignia of knights of the Garter in the time of Henry VIII.
- IV. iv. 396. Opposite. Opposed.
- IV. iv. 411. Peevish-fond. Childish and foolish.
- IV. iv. 428. Hull. A nautical term for our "lie to."
- IV. iv. 438. True, good Catesby. This is the first instance in the play where Richard loses his remarkable self-possession.
- IV. iv. 455. White-liver'd runagate. Cowardly rascal.
- IV. iv. 467. Welshman. Richmond's father was Welsh.
- IV. iv. 491. Advertised. The accent is on the second syllable. Used here in the sense of informed.

- IV. iv. 494. Moe. More.
IV. iv. 496. Competitors. Confederates.
IV. iv. 499. Owls. The cry of owls was believed to portend death.
IV. iv. 518. Upon his party. To take part with Richmond.

SCENE 5

- IV. v. 3. Franked up in hold. Confined in Richard's palace, spoken of as a sty.
IV. v. 12. Ap. Welsh for *of* or *son of*.
IV. v. 19. Resolve. inform.

ACT V

- V. i. 1. Speak. Buckingham intended to assassinate Richard. Cf. Henry VIII. I. ii. 194.
V. i. 19. Respite of my wrongs. The postponement of his punishment has been ended.
V. i. 28. Block of shame. Buckingham's execution is the final success in Richard's career. It serves as a brief moment of suspense in the action of the play.

SCENE 3

- V. iii. 11. Our battalion. Richard is said to have had twelve thousand men; Lord Stanley had an additional three thousand encamped at no great distance. Cf. 37 below.
V. iii. 25. Limit. Define the limits.
V. iii. 29. Keeps. Remains with.
V. iii. 50. Beaver. helmet.
V. iii. 59. Pursuivant. Messenger.
V. iii. 63. Watch. Watchman with his light.

V. iii. 65. **Staves.** The shaft of the lance used for the whole lance.

V. iii. 70. **Cock-shut time.** Probably the time when poultry is shut in for the night; at twilight.

V. iii. 83. **By attorney.** By proxy.

V. iii. 86. **Flaky darkness.** Early dawn: darkness scattering like flakes before the coming light. A difficult but charming figure.

V. iii. 90. **Mortal-staring.** With the grim and ghastly stare of war.

V. iii. 92. **With the best advantage.** Choose the most opportune moment.

V. iii. 97. **Leisure.** Shortness of time.

V. iii. 105. **Peise.** Weight.

V. iii. 124. **Anointed body.** Anointed as king.

V. iii. 132. **Washed to death in fulsome wine.** This would indicate that he was drowned in wine. Cf. I. iv. 277.

V. iii. 173. **For hope.** I died because I hoped to aid you; I died before I could lend the aid I hoped to give.

V. iii. 179 ff. **Coward conscience.** These lines, somewhat incoherent, show us the old Richard, confident in successful crime, in sharp contrast with the panic-stricken Richard, face to face with defeat.

V. iii. 180. **Lights burn blue.** A blue light indicated the presence of a ghost, in the old superstition.

V. iii. 219. **Armed in proof.** In armor whose worth has been proved.

V. iii. 238. **Leisure.** Cf. 97 above.

V. iii. 243. **Richard except.** Except may be either a contracted form of the participle or the preposition transposed.

V. iii. 250. **Foil.** This refers to the setting of gems or

precious stones. The foil helped to improve the appearance of inferior stones.

V. iii. 254. Ward. Protect.

V. iii. 262. Quit. Requite.

V. iii. 270. St. George. English soldiers used this cry generally in going into battle. By its use Richmond identifies himself as the real champion of England.

V. iii. 279. Braved. Bravely begun his journey.

V. iii. 301. St. George to boot. This shall be our order for battle, and St. George will also be with us.

V. iii. 305. Bought and sold. Betrayed.

V. iii. 316. Sort. Set; crowd.

V. iii. 317. Lackey. Servile.

V. iii. 324. Mother's cost. Should be brother's cost.

SCENE 4

V. iv. 3. Daring an opposite. Daring to oppose himself.

SCENE 5

V. v. 3. Acquit. Acquitted.

V. v. 10. Leicester. A town fourteen miles from Bosworth field.

V. v. 18. Sacrament. As we have sworn to do.

V. v. 35. Abate. Make dull.

V. v. 36. Reduce. Bring back.

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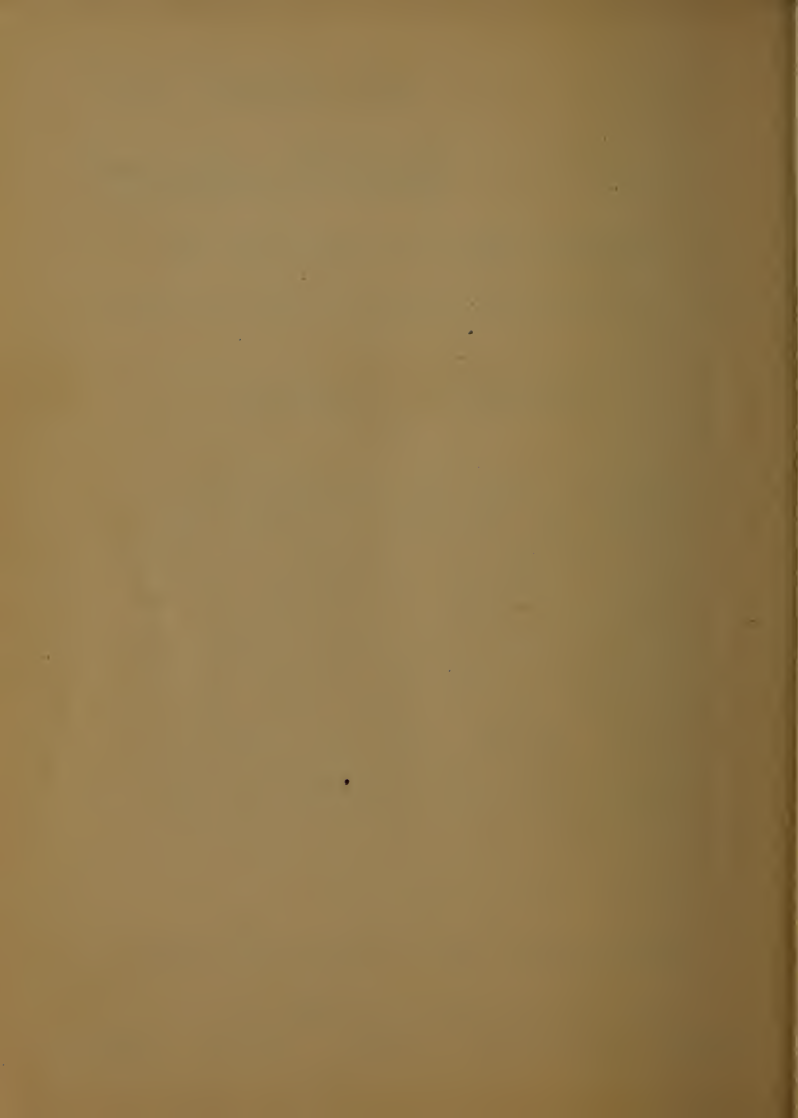
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